

# **GOLDTREE, JOSEPH**

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GOLDTREE, JO SEPH, born in Berlin, Prussia, August 2, 1844; son Of Nathan and Esther Goldtree; married Lillie Marks, daughter of Simon and Sarah (Keller) Marks, at Tucson, A.T., June 29, 1879; . . her parents were natives of Germany who crossed the plains in a wagon to California whereshe was born at Oroville, in Butte County, in 1859; children, Henrietta (Mrs. Eugene M. Woolf) and Estella (Mrs. Burrell R. Hatcher); after his death, Mrs. Goldtree married Columbus Frederick Davant, of Tucson.

Landed in New York City from Germany in 1857 where he worked at the glazer's trade until he was 19 years old when he went to Denver, Colorado; arrived in New Mexico in 1863 and came on to Tucson in 1865; in 1867 he opened a store at Tubac in partnership with Joaquin Tapia; in February, 1868, he took over a farm in the Sonoita Valley, that had been abandoned by Charles A. Shibell because of repeated attacks by Indians, and planted a crop of corn; between May 8 and November 27, 1868, the Apaches stole 21 yoke of his oxen worth \$100 each.

In order to obtain vouchers for corn delivered at Camp Crittenden he and Tapia closed the store and left Tubac on January 3, 1869, driving a team of horses worth \$250 and a buggy with harness valued at \$200; Tapia also brought along \$650 in green backs from the store; they stayed that night at Calabasas and left there the next morning accompanied by "Captain" Catterson, a former soldier; when testifying in support of his Indian depredation claim at Tucson on January 3, 1893, Goldtree said:

I drove and my partner had always a gun cocked in his hand. Capt. Catterson was about

50 yards behind us on a gray horse with a double-barrell shot gun in his hand. We traveled about 8 or 9 miles through ravines and hills when we come up on level ground and there was a little knoll to the right of me, about 50 yards long. All at once I felt something hot and it was a shot grazing my right ear very close to me. I thought it was Capt. Catterson shooting in that locality and I turned to look and saw the Indians right there behind us all firing. My hat was off then and my thumb had been grazed, and I couldn't see Capt. Catterson any more.

The Indians were on my right side, my partner was on my left. I said "We had better get out", so we jumped out, I jumped off first and he jumped right on top of me. The Indians made a rush for us, I pulled my revolver and they got away. I then went ahead a hundred yards or so to a slight knoll where I could see them and they were then in front of me on lower ground. I was afraid of being ambushed from behind, and I said to my partner "You better come up here where you can look around and can see them behind the rocks and all over".

My partner had his gun in his hand and as he was coming towards me, about 15 yards below me, I said "Look out for that Indian behind you", and before I could say it the Indian shot him and it hit him here (indicating the upper part of body) and he cried "Oh, I am dying, Joe". I was scared, of course, and didn't know what to do. They were shooting all the time,--only one of them had a rifle, and the arrows come at me just like feathers.

I found my partner dead then, and I said if I stay around here I am bound to be killed. There was two Indians come out, one in front of me, and then I took my partner's gun and I had my pistol in my hand and another pistol. One of the Indians had a gun and the other had a bow and arrow. They commenced to fire at me and to tantalize me and so I fired and I hit the one that had the gun here (indicating the groin) and he jumped up and come down hard and broke the butt of his gun. They they tore up the grass and tried to stuff it in the wound and tried to take him away out of my sight.

That I thought was a good time for me to skip while they were busy with that Indian. I did, and went towards Crittenden, but as I had got about 200 yards or so three Indians came out with lances, two on one side and one on the other, I was all wore out then, I had fought for half an hour and it was right in the heat of the day. I said to myself I am going to die anyhow and I may as well do the best I can, so I stopped and shot another one right in here (indicating the breast). They are cowardly -- they gave way and I kept on about 300 yards more, to where there was an old wagon-bed that some freighter must have left. I had them all behind me now and I got on the wagon-bed and so I could look down-grade. They were below me, and I saw the Indians had the horses out and the harness cut and the dash-board of the buggy cut and they were then breaking the spokes with rocks.

X had six pair of California blankets in the buggy and they commenced pulling the blankets out. As one would pull the others would cut and they cut them all to pieces. Each one got a quarter or an eighth of a blanket. After they had taken everything off they went away.

I stopped there for a little while and thought I would go back and see what become of Tapia. I wanted to go and get the money he had in his pocket but when I come back there wasn't a stitch left on him, only his boots and half an old rubber blanket, that was all. They took his pistol from him and all of the balls were unloaded right in his head, and with an arrow he was pinned to the ground. I tried to pull out the arrow and couldn't it was in so tight.

He then crossed Sonoita Creek and hid in the brush until dusk when Col. Charles W. Lewis and some other Americans came along, took care of him that night, and the next morning helped to bury Tapia and Catterson.

In addition to his store at Tubac he also engaged in the liquor business and was listed at Tucson in the 1870 Census as a wholesale

and retail liquor merchant with property valued at \$7,500; the Tucson Arizonian of January 29, 1870, reported that:

"Jno. Spring, Joseph Goldtree and Saml. Drachman renounced their allegiance to the Fatherland and are now running loose as naturalized children of Uncle Sam."

About 1872 he moved his store from Tubac to San Xavier where he established a trading post, extending credit to the Papago Indians who repaid him when they had gathered their wheat and barley crops; on July 10, 1876, he went to San Xavier with three wagons and six mules to receive grain from the Papagoes; the mules, worth \$100 each, were unhitched and turned loose nearby but at noontime, when everyone had quit work to get dinner, a band of Apaches drove off the mules and got away with them.

Listed in the 1880 Census at Tucson as a tobacconist and in Disturnell's Arizona Gazetteer, published the following year, as the owner of a cigar and tobacco manufacturing business; a biography printed in "Arizona-The Youngest State" states that he had a hay and grain store on Meyer Street in Tucson; a cattle ranch in the Oro Blanco district which was not a success because of the lack of water; that he owned stock in the Mammoth Mine and valuable real estate on Congress Street; he was a member of Tucson Lodge No. 4, F. & A.M.

Early in December, 1897, he went to San Francisco, California, for medical treatment where he died on the 10th of that month, aged 53; his remains were returned to Tucson and buried in Evergreen Cemetery on December 14, under the auspices of the Society of Arizona Pioneers of which he was a charter member.

## SOURCES OF INFORMATION

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- The Arizona Citizen, Tucson, December 10, 1:6 and December 14,  
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